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# P O E M S,

SUGGESTED CHIEFLY BY

SCENES IN ASIA-MINOR, SYRIA, AND GREECE,

WITH

## P R E F A C E S,

EXTRACTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL.

EMBELLISHED WITH

## T W O   V I E W S

O F

THE SOURCE OF THE SCAMANDER, AND THE AQUEDUCT  
OVER THE SIMOIS.

---

BY THE LATE J. D. CARLYLE,

B. D. F. R. S. E.

CHANCELLOR OF CARLISLE, VICAR OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, PROFESSOR OF ARABIC  
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE  
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

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## P R E F A C E

BY THE EDITOR.

THE following POEMS were, by their AUTHOR, deemed not unworthy of the public notice; and in obedience to his express direction they now appear. The Editor however feels the propriety of soliciting for a posthumous work a degree of indulgence, which, had the Author's life been longer spared, might not have been necessary.

MR. CARLYLE, almost immediately after his return to England in 1801, experienced the

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first symptoms of that disease, which, baffling all the powers of medicine, terminated in his death.

The langour and depression, induced by ill health, interrupted his various literary employments, and finally prevented the revision and correction of these Poems. If, therefore, they should be found inferior to his former productions, it is hoped the cause assigned will be considered as a natural, and at the same time not unsatisfactory, explanation.

Some general account of the Poems themselves may, perhaps, be expected.—A few words will suffice.

When the Earl of ELGIN was sent Ambassador to the Porte in 1799, it was thought desirable that his Lordship should

be accompanied by some person of eminent learning, who might improve the facilities, then offered by the friendly disposition of that Court, of ascertaining what treasures of literature were to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople.

For this service MR. CARLYLE was particularly well qualified ; and the unsolicited selection of him on the occasion was in the highest degree honourable to his talents and character. His researches were not confined to Constantinople ; he visited also Asia-Minor, and the islands and shores of the Archipelago ; and the scenes, which there engaged his attention, suggested the subjects of the principal Poems contained in this volume.

On the merits of the work itself, it would, perhaps, be presumptuous for the Editor to

offer any opinion ; more particularly as she is conscious of the partiality, with which she must naturally regard every production of her deceased brother.

With these observations, and relying on the candour which she is persuaded will not be denied to Poems, so circumstanced, she submits them, imperfect as they are, to the judgment of the public.

SUSANNA MARIA CARLYLE.

*Carlisle, Dec. 13, 1804.*

## ACCOUNT OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

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THE Engraving of the AQUEDUCT on the SIMOIS was not originally designed for this work. It was finished under the Author's own direction from a sketch taken by himself on the spot, and intended to have been inserted in an Account of a TOUR through the TROAD, which was almost completed; but as that work is not to appear, the Editor thought, though the Engraving did not refer directly to any of the scenes described in the Poems, it was no improper FRONTISPICE to the whole, especially as she believes that no Engraving of that Aqueduct has ever before been published.—She has subjoined the following account of it, extracted from the Journals of the Author.

*March 6th, 1801.*—As the wind continued contrary, and the ship had no chance of proceeding this day, we determined to go by land to the Dardanelles.—Horses were procured with great difficulty, and at length, about twelve o'clock we set off. Just as we left the town we were struck by the remains of two arches—a part of an Aqueduct, which had run across the valley, and once served the city of Pariun with water—it still serves to give the denomination to the modern village of *Camaris*.—The river that flows by Camaris is now called the river of *Satul Tepè*, a chain of mountains which were in sight; and, as we were told, at the distance of about five hours. After passing the

river near the Aqueduct, we turned to the right, and began to wind along the different swells that terminate the coast—the ride was delightful—the day extremely fine, and the scenery varying every moment: sometimes we were on the outside of the knoll, and had a prospect of little else than the sea—in a few minutes we found ourselves on the other side of the next hill, totally shut out from the ocean: nothing could be more interesting than its opening and losing itself, as we changed our positions.—The knolls along which we passed were, for the most part, covered with brush-wood, which impeded our progress not a little;—many of the roads we went over were formed in the rock, and worn two feet deep; and, no doubt, were the same that had always conducted the inhabitants from Lampsacus to Parium, for in many places the hills were only practicable in those paths:—two feet is certainly a great depth to be worn away merely by the passing of travellers; but is not this alone some evidence that the habitation of the world cannot have been eternal? cannot have been of longer duration than the Mosaic accounts would teach us to reckon? These regions on the banks of the Ægean, in the most desirable climate, and possessing the most fertile soil, must have been amongst the most early peopled;—we know that once they were filled with cities, and yet after all the roads are only hollowed out for so small a depth.

At a quarter past three we passed the sweet little plain of Courouderè:—this smiling meadow is however too often, as we were informed by our guide, the scene of robbery and murder:—the banditti lurk in the adjoining thickets, and shoot the passengers before they are aware of their danger:—we passed the grave of one of these unfortunate travellers in the dell, and heard the tale of his death from our guide before we came to the place. He was sitting on a stone by the road side, where he was accosted by a Turk, who wished to look at his fusée—the traveller unsuspecting of any danger complied with his request—upon which the other shot him through the body, and robbed him of his

effects, about 100 piasters.

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*March 10th.*—Left these interesting remains (which all the inhabitants assured us had never before been examined by any Franks) and proceeded to the Aqueduct that gives its name to the Chemar—our course lay nearly E by S, through woody hills and opening vallies.—11, 38', we arrived at the banks of the Chemar, along whose sweet vales we wound till 12, 12', when the magnificent ruin of the Aqueduct appeared in view—it stretches itself over a romantic rocky dell, (not unlike that at Nunnery \*)—a little stream gushing from beneath loses itself amidst the crags. Only so much remains of the Aqueduct as is necessary to render it a picturesque object; for one part is entirely broken away, and the other appears clinging to the adjoining cliff for support; the chasm seemed above 40 feet in breadth, and the rocks beside it about 200 feet high. After gratifying our curiosity with this sight, we returned to take a view of the remainder of the ruins of *Eski Aketchè kui*.

*Journal of a Route through the Troad*—1801.

The PLATE of the SOURCE of the SCAMANDER was taken from a Drawing sent to the Author by the Earl of ELGIN, and is a copy of one, done on the spot, by an artist who accompanied Dr. CLARKE and Mr. CRIPPS,—the former of whom has had the goodness to compare it with the original drawing in his possession.

\* The seat of Mrs. Bamber, Cumberland.



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P O E M S.



ON PASSING AN EVENING  
WITH A CARAVAN OF  
ARABS AND CARAMINIANS,  
IN A CEMETERY, NEAR AKSHEHER.

“ At three o’clock we arrived at Aksheher, the station at which we meant to pass the night ;—the Tartar had been sent on before, and we expected to meet with a proper place for our accommodation ;—but when we came to the town, the Conah provided was so bad, the General \* determined to go to the Aga

\* General Koeler.

to speak to him upon the subject, and requested us to accompany him : we mounted our horses accordingly, and were beginning to set out,—but the Janisary, the Tartar, and the Interpreter, were so strenuous in begging us to desist, that at length the General complied : indeed, from the representation, little good was to be expected from such a visit.—The Janisary told us, that the Aga was a rough, violent man, whom it was dangerous to contradict ;—the Tartar gave us small hopes of much good from any further applications from what he had seen at his former one ;—when the Aga, upon being pressed for horses, &c. (which unfortunately the firman was not explicit enough to enable us to demand), threw the firman upon the ground, and declared in a passion, we might complain to whom we would, for that he

had given us all we had any right to ask.—The General upon that, gave up the idea of having recourse to such a personage, and determined to leave the place that evening, and proceed to another station.—He would not even dine in the town, but ordered dinner to be brought to a burial-ground at a small distance from the other side of the town; we waited for our dinner for some time,—which at length arrived, and we eat it amongst the tombs.—After we had finished, we found that both the Tartar and Janisary had declared, that neither of them would move till they had got their dinner for any power upon earth.—The time was Ramadhan:—as they had been fasting from sun-rise we were obliged to submit.—We endeavoured to amuse ourselves by looking about the burial-ground :—in it we saw many Turkish

head-stones, which had once been Grecian columns ; and in the middle, the tomb (or octagonal building) of a kind of Saint, of the name of Nasneddin, who requested in his will that a lock and key might be fixed to the door of the tomb,\* but forgot to add, that the key should be turned :—the consequence is, that the key hangs at the lock,—the door stands open, and the Saint is laughed at.—Besides ourselves, there was in the burial-ground a caravan from Caramania ; while we were waiting for our horses, we went to pay a visit to our neighbours,—whom we had seen leading their camels to water, and exercising them afterwards ;—they received us with great kindness, and invited us to sit down amongst them ; we accepted their invitation :—their tent was composed

\* Vide Capper's Travels.

of camel's hair,—it was open on one side, and was about six feet in width; the fire was made just at the edge, so that there was room to sit pretty comfortably behind it:—this was the seat of honour, where we were placed, together with the father of the family;—the young men sat on the other side in the open air;—close to them were the camels, arranged in circles of six or seven, and in the middle of them was thrown a little chopped straw,—the only luxury of these patient and useful animals:—they eat their scanty meal with the greatest gentleness: a few were standing,—some of the young ones were reclined on one side, but most of them lay on their bellies, with their feet bent under them.—Our friends were cooking their dinner as we went up to them, which, as it was Ramadhan, they were not

permitted to taste till after sun-set.—Their meat consisted of pilaw, (viz.) rice boiled with some melted grease poured into it,—the whole was then stirred up together, and immediately poured upon *yuftah*,—cakes which serve at once for dishes, plates, table-cloth, and bread;—when they had finished their repast, they retired and began to make their coffee, which was beaten in a wooden mortar: we were invited to partake, and I confess I never tasted such excellent coffee in my life.”

*Journal of a Route through Asia-Minor*—1800.

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OR is it truth, or is’t a dream,  
That wafts these visions to the view?  
Or conquering fancy bids me deem  
Her airy scenes at length are true?

'Tis truth—but sure ne'er fancy trac'd  
A wilder tale than truth presents,—  
That I should tread this Phrygian waste.  
Or rest among these Arab tents.—

Let me the pencil seize, and try  
A sketch of what's around to draw;—  
The hour may come, when memory's eye  
Shall dimly mark what once it saw.

The lamp of night, that pathless strays,  
And seems from yon tall cliffs to lean,  
Has shed her brightest, fullest rays,  
To ope to light the varied scene.

How vast the length'ning plains expand  
Along the bluff rock frowning o'er!—  
Without a wave, a sea of land  
That boundless widens from its shore.

No cheerful fields, no rising cot,  
No marks of life—the descript fill ;  
Save that in yon secluded spot  
Some tott’ring hovels linger still.—

A ruin’d tower amidst the grove  
Forms for concealing wolves a den,—  
Sack’d by some kindred tribe, to prove  
How mild are wolves, compared with men.

One waving cypress bends beside,  
And spreads its deep funereal gloom  
O'er the last seat of baffled pride—  
The sinking grave—the mould’ring tomb.

Amongst the stones that fall’n decay,  
Or yet their turban’d foreheads rear,  
Some sculptured shafts, some tablets say,  
A different race once flourish’d here.

Now sleeping in the same retreat,  
Greeks, Phrygians, Turks together lie ;  
And, stranger still, here mingling meet  
A wandering Arab tribe, and I.

Oh ! let me haste to join the band,  
And each unfolding scene survey,  
That long I've lov'd—that oft I've scann'd,  
Depicted in the poet's lay.

I recognise each feature—there,  
In groups the camels cluster round ;  
And as the slender meal they share,  
Their tinkling bells responsive sound.

The blazing pine that near them glows,  
Red mixing with the moon's pale beam,  
Along the cemetery throws  
Its quivering light—its dubious gleam.

The scanty tent, that close behind  
Half shuns the fire, and half bends o'er—  
Yet scant, and fluttering with the wind,  
Enough for those who want no more.

The swarm within, that glad prepares  
The welcome eve's allow'd repast,  
Hailing the planet, which declares  
The period of the day's long fast.

The beckoning Chief points out a seat,  
And bids me share the friendly board ;  
Oh sweeter far the humble treat,  
Than pomp can deck, or pride afford !

Plain is the dish, and coarse the fare—  
Yet plain and free the circling youth,  
And hospitality is there,  
Nature, simplicity, and truth.

No thoughts but what the tongue dare speak  
Within the artless bosom dwell ;  
Or were it mute, the mantling cheek,  
And sparkling eye, the tale would tell :

Each rising image stands confest—  
At once display'd—at once descried—  
As ocean's smooth expanded breast  
Shews every rock that crowns his side.

Nature, these genuine charms are thine !—  
How different are the scenes of art ?  
Where all is fair, and all is fine,  
And all is finish'd but the heart.

There's the soft speech—the polish'd style—  
The complimentary reply—  
The practis'd look—the ready smile,  
That hides a truth, or hints a lie.

But hark yon shout ! yon cry of rage—  
The sabre starting from its sheath—  
See the mad youths in fight engage,  
Hear, hear the dreadful shriek of death !

Nature, these charms are thine !  
The ocean's breast that mocks controul  
Where passion, rage, revenge, combine  
To wake the tempest of the soul.

These charms are thine!—and should I e'er  
With rapture swell thy praise again,  
Memory shall raise that shriek I hear,  
To dissipate the idle strain.

ON VIEWING THE  
VALE AND CITY OF NICÆA,  
AT SUNRISE.

“ JUST as the sun appeared, we emerged from the dell, in which we had been for some time travelling; when as sweet a scene opened upon us as can be conceived.—*In front* was the lake of Nicæa, bending through its green valley.—Immediately between us and the lake, rose up a woody hill, which, by intercepting the centre of the prospect, seemed to divide the expanse of water before us into two separate reaches.—Along the

opposite side of the lake ran a range of dark mountains, scarce yet, except on their most prominent parts, illuminated by the sun ;—the snowy summits of Olympus, empurpled by the reflection of the morning clouds, terminated the view.—*To the left*, the minarets of Nicæa were seen peeping out of the water at the extremity of the lake.—*To the right*, the lake stretched itself till it was lost amongst the windings of the mountains.

It is not possible to form an idea of a more complete scene of desolation than Nicæa now exhibits ;—streets without a passenger, houses without an inhabitant, and ruins of every age, fill the precincts of this once celebrated city. The deserted mosque, whose minaret we ascended in order to obtain a general notion of the plan of the place, bore evident marks of having been erected from

the remains of a Christian church, and many of these remains, upon a closer inspection, shewed clearly that they had formerly belonged to a Pagan temple:—our Mohammedan mosque was falling to decay, and like its predecessors in splendour, must soon become a heap of rubbish—what a *generation* of ruin was here!

The walls of the city are still pretty entire—they embrace a circuit of nearly three miles; but the spot enclosed by them is mostly taken up with gardens and mulberry grounds;—there are not more than four hundred houses standing within the whole circumference, and out of these only one hundred and fifty-seven are tenanted.

The Greeks possess but one place of worship in the city—the cathedral—and this is without a roof. The Archbishop resides at an

adjoining village. Such is the state of the cathedral of Nicæa—so often thronged with princes and prelates—so often echoing with controversy and contention ;—it is now reduced to a mossy, untrod pavement, surrounded by four bare walls!"

*Journal of a Route through Asia-Minor, February 1800.*

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NICÆA hail! renown'd for fierce debate,  
For synods bustling o'er yon silent spot,  
For zealous ardour—for polemic hate—  
For truth preserv'd, and charity forgot.

Full oft, th' historic record as I've scann'd,  
Has fancy's touch those solemn scenes pourtray'd,  
Bid thy proud domes display the mitred band,  
Thy streets unfold the long-drawn cavalcade.

Those scenes are past—thy streets no longer shew  
 Their busy throngs—yet, is there breast so cold  
 As calm can trace, without one trilling glow,  
 What thought has pictur'd and what fame has told ?

Those scenes are fled—those domes are swept away—  
 Succeeding domes now totter to their fall,  
 And mouldering mosques on moulder'd fanes decay  
 While desolation bends to grasp them all—

Those scenes are fled—yet, solitary dale,  
 The genuine charms of nature still remain—  
 The rising mountain—the retiring vale—  
 The lake's broad bosom, and the shelter'd plain.

Delightful vision ! Raptur'd let me gaze  
 And catch each charm that dawns upon the sight,  
 As, gushing from yon fount, the orient rays  
 Roll off the floating glooms diffus'd by night—

Towering Olympus first receives the beams—

His snows now crimson'd with the crimson glare,  
Now swept by floods of fire, more bright he gleams,  
Shoots from the sea of shade and swims in air—

The sun bursts forth—th' expanding plains grow green—

Each jutting eminence, in radiance drest,  
Rushes to day, while the deep glens between  
Still viewless sleep beneath their cloudy vest—

Now the full beams their broadest blaze unfold;

No hovering mists the vale's gay tints destroy,  
The lake's blue surface kindles into gold,  
And nature wakes to light and life and joy.

Sweet is the sight those spreading valleys yield,

But many a softer grace I seek in vain,

The peaceful cot—the lovely smiling field—

And, ah ! far lovelier still, the smiling swain—

Those graces that in rural life combine  
To gild the shade, or deck the mountain's brow—  
Those thousand graces that e'erwhile were thine,  
Those thousand graces that are Britain's now.

Rous'd at the magic name, before my eyes  
Each well-known scene, each long-lov'd image plays,  
And lakes more fair, and vales, how different! rise,  
As the blest Isle seems opening on the gaze.

I view the cot, with every comfort stor'd—  
The scatter'd hamlet—the sequester'd bower  
That fear no ruffian's brand, no tyrant's sword,  
Nor ask defence but from the wintry shower :

That shower may beat—the storm, in all its ire,  
May rage without—the cheerful group within  
But crowd the closer round their social fire,  
But laugh the louder for the tempest's din.

Neglected Vale! If Britain's joys to share,  
If Britain's plains 'tis given, *in truth* to see,  
Should e'er my heart forget a blessing there  
Let me, neglected Vale, then think of thee.

WRITTEN

## ON HEARING A CUCKOO IN THE VALLEY OF ST. SABA.

THE Valley of St. Saba is in fact an immense chasm in a rifted mountain of marble—it is not only destitute of trees, but of every other species of vegetation, and its sole inhabitants (except the wretched monks in the convent) are eagles, tygers, and wild Arabs.—The monastery joins to the rocks on the right, and stretches itself half way across the valley;—you enter from the top, and descend by several flights of stairs and iron doors to the platform where the church is situated.

The monks are obliged to fetch all their provisions from Jerusalem, and are subject to the continual depredations of the Bedouins.—The banditti, only a fortnight before I was there, had made an attack upon the convent, plundered and set on fire the part of it to which they could force their way, and murdered a considerable number of persons belonging to it.—It would have been impossible for me to have accomplished my visit, had not the Governor of Jerusalem furnished me with an escort of these very banditti, to protect me from their brethren.—

*April, 1800.*

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WHAT sounds are those yon rocks impart?

What soft strains float yon crags among?—

Each chord that winds about my heart

Vibrates, symphonious to the song.

Hark!—'tis the Cuckoo's well-known sound—  
Let the sweet magic sooth my ear—  
It breathes the charms of home around,  
And softens every horror here.

Again I view the grassy vale  
Where oft I've heard that rural strain—  
Again I drink the balmy gale  
That scatters smiles o'er *Eden's*\* plain.

Ah! scenes belov'd! depart not yet—  
Dear visions, not so quickly flee;  
Let me in fancied bliss forget  
The features of reality.

Let me forget the chasm I tread,  
Whose yawning jaws such horrors shew—  
The rock's bare cheek—the stream's dry bed—  
The seats of want—the tracks of woe—

\* Eden, one of the rivers that runs past Carlisle.

Those arid clefts, from whence I saw  
Yon eagles wing their sweeping way—  
Those gloomy dens, where tygers gnaw  
The fleshless bones of last night's prey—

Those caves between, where, fiercer still,  
The Arab builds his schemes of blood ;  
Marks the fell rout with murderous skill—  
Then pours the desolating flood—

Let me forget those walls that lower,  
Sad beetling o'er the bladeless land ;  
That iron'd gate—that massive tower  
Still smoaking from the spoiler's hand—

And ah ! forget the cloister'd train  
Those walls from social joy preclude,  
Where famine strives to drown, in vain,  
The deeper sighs of solitude.

Oh may devotion's pitying gleam  
Shed thro' their cells a cheering ray—  
On all their sorrows comfort beam,  
And gild with peace their lonely day !

Hark !— 'Twas the convent's bell I caught—  
Hail, welcome sound ! So long unknown—  
How many a dear associate thought  
Is wasted in the solemn tone ?

*Albion's* blest hamlets meet my eye—  
The white church rises as I gaze—  
I view the looks of humble joy,  
I hear the tongues of grateful praise.

I follow the returning throng,  
Mix in the soft domestic hour,  
Mark the long laugh, the artless song,  
The calm repast, the peaceful bower.

Sights still more lov'd my eyes beguile—  
I see each face my heart holds dear—  
See friendship's warm, unconscious smile,  
And love's repress'd, but bursting tear.

To meet the fond embrace I fly—  
I rush to seize the outstretch'd hand—  
Ah, why will Truth, intruding cry—  
“Thou tread'st a distant dreary land!”

Yes, monitress—but while I bear  
Those objects stamp'd upon my breast,  
I'll find a radiant prospect there,  
Tho' all beside thy glooms invest.

I'll deck at will the rapturous scene,  
And grasp its charms uncheck'd by thee—  
While memory pictures what has been,  
And hope pourtrays what still may be.





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ON VISITING THE  
SOURCE OF THE SCAMANDER,  
AFTER HAVING ASCENDED IDA.

“ AMONGST our evening group, there was one that seemed possessed of considerably more information than the rest. We found he had travelled, and that he had for some time followed the profession of a sailor, and in this capacity had visited most of the places on the shores of the *Ægean* and *Euxine* seas :—he shewed a good deal of curiosity himself, and was able to communicate to us all the local intelligence we wished to pro-

cure.—He now followed the occupation of a hunter.—Such was the man we were fortunate enough to obtain as a guide to conduct us to the top of Khasdag.

At seven o'clock therefore, attended by our conductor and his son, we set off.—7, 23', we passed by the remains of an old building, to which our guide gave the name of *Cleesiah*; the only one they have to designate either a temple or a church;—to which of these this little edifice belonged, we could not determine:—the walls were about fifteen paces in length, not more than eight or nine asunder, and built in the rudest style, without any appearance that they had formerly been more ornamented.—The country from hence, for above a mile along the banks of the river, bearing many marks of its having once been built upon, but there was nothing

that shewed any symptoms of elegance or art.—7, 50', the ground began to rise, and we perceived its constant concomitant, a grove of pine trees.—9, 30', we crossed the Menderi, now diminished to a torrent of nine or ten feet broad :—10, continuing our ascent, we arrived at a small plain embosomed amongst rocks and woods; and here, at a little distance on the right, and about half way up the rock, we beheld the stream of the Menderi issuing from a cave surrounded with trees, and tumbling down the crags in a foaming cascade.—We passed over another small rill that skirted the little plain on which we stood, in order to climb the precipice that led us to the spring.—After a steep ascent of about two hundred feet, we arrived at the entrance of the cavern, which “broods the *flood divine*,” and witnessed

a scene more magnificent than I ever saw before.

It is impossible to make descriptions of picturesque scenery intelligible to others; but while the idea is fresh, I will try to put it down, in order to store it up for myself.

Immediately in front appeared two large openings in the rock, which led into the cavern :—upon entering the recess, two other openings nearly answering to the outward ones, like arches in a cloister, present themselves to the sight, and through one of them, in a basin below, we perceive the just emerged Scamander ; — the channel that conducts the stream into the basin is a cleft in the rock towards the right, only about four feet in width, and near twenty in height ; it winds inwards in a curve, and is soon lost in darkness :—at its bottom glides

the current, which for a few moments seems to repose in the basin beside, and then, by another subterraneous channel, rushes to the mouth, from whence it issues to the day :— it here bursts from the precipice and forms a noble waterfall between forty and fifty feet high, broken, and furnished with every accompaniment that the admirer of picturesque beauty could require :—its sides are fringed with pine and brushwood ;—below, it is almost hidden from the view by immense fragments of rock that have fallen from the precipice,—and above it hang crags of two or three hundred feet in height, that jut over the bases, in large angular prominences.— Such is something like the spring itself ;— the dell in which it is situated did not appear less picturesque ;—on one side are the rocks whence the cascade tumbles, running

in a gentle curve—on the other is a sweeping amphitheatre of pine-clothed mountains, one rising over the other, and closing the dell completely on the right, but leaving a narrow peep towards the left, through which the sweet vale of the Menderi, together with many of its mazy windings, are distinctly seen.—11, 10', we left the spring, and set out in order to ascend Khasdag.—We were in fact at present nearly half way up, therefore though the day did not promise to be very favourable, we were determined to persevere in our attempt.

The ascent afforded not much variety of prospect; our backs were turned to the vale, and we had little to engage our attention, except the greater or less degree of steepness in the climb, or of thickness in the pine forest.—11, 25', we saw some remains that

looked like building, and at 11, 40', arrived at the region of *snow*, which at first was thinly scattered, but soon after covered the ground in considerable quantity.—We passed several sheds in our ascent, which we found were designed for the accommodation of those who manufacture pitch—the only species of manufacture that the inhabitants of Abjilar seem to aim at; - - - - -

Here and there we found a small shelf in the mountain, by winding up which, we in some degree lessened the toil of a continual climb ; but in general, the surface was so regular, that we were obliged to mount in a right line.—12, 24', came to the highest collection of water upon the mountain ;—that too runs into the stream of the Menderi.—1, 10', after a most fatiguing walk through snow

and sleet, we reached the top ;—we were at first so completely involved in mist and clouds, that it was impossible to distinguish any thing beyond the immediate precincts of the mountain—these however afforded us some objects that highly interested our curiosity.

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That we now trod the summit of Ida, cannot, I think, admit of one doubt ;—the snowy head of Khasdag is the grand feature that bounds the prospect throughout the whole of this part of Asia-Minor.—It is from hence, that I believe, all the great rivers take their origin, whether they flow into the Hellespont, the Adramyttium gulph, or the Ægean sea.

It is the only spot in the neighbourhood,

that a poet could ever think of fixing upon, for the seat of the Immortals.—And whether Homer is perfectly accurate in many other circumstances of his divine poem, or not, we had an opportunity (by the intervention of a friendly blast, which swept away the surrounding mist, and left the atmosphere in a clearer state than even if the sun had shined the whole day) of testifying, that most of those he attributes to Ida, are perfectly appropriate.—Its top is ever covered with snow, except for a month or two at the end of autumn ;—its sides are clothed with forests, which, we were assured, afford a constant shelter for various wild beasts ;—the tracks of wolves, and wild boars, we were ourselves shewn by our guide, in the snow ;—its vallies stream with rivulets, which water, under different designations,

almost all the plains of the north-east of Asia-Minor.—The prospect exhibited from its top is at least as comprehensive as the one mentioned by the poet;—it embraces Mysia,—the Propontis,—the Hellespont,—nearly the whole of the *Æ*gean, and a number of the islands with which that sea is studded;—it extends to Lydia, Bythinia, and Macedonia;—and is only bounded by the Olympic range—the Thracian mountains,—Athos, and the Euxine.”—

*Journal of a Route through the Troad, March,—1801.*

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HAIL, hallow'd fount! my hopes are blest—  
At length I've view'd thy mystic bed,  
At length my eager feet have press'd  
Thy parent mountain's towering head :

Scamander, hail ! with reverence fraught,  
I've seen thy rifted dark abode,  
Nor wonder'd that thy children thought  
There yawn'd the cradle of a God.

O'er Ida's heights I've wound my way,  
And as I scann'd th' horizon's bound,  
Have halfbeliev'd the chanted lay,  
And fancied Deities around.

Oh ! for a strain those scenes to shew—  
The chasm that gives thy waves to light—  
The hanging arches, where they flow—  
The cloister where they're lost in night—

The opening cleft, whence they descend  
White—trembling—down the steep rock's side—  
The crags above, that beetling bend  
To gaze upon the bursting tide—

The piney hills that close the dale,  
And, circling, to thy rocks incline,  
Yet leave a peep to shew the vale,  
And shew that all that vale is thine.

And oh ! for equal strains to trace  
What scenes from Ida we explore,  
The snowy top—the shaggy base—  
The spreading plain—the distant shore—

Ere one soft beam from April's eye  
Has rous'd the slumbering buds to blow,  
Ida's bright rills can life supply,  
And waken verdure as they flow :

In every mead around him hung  
Ida's wide-wandering streams are seen,  
Bright silvery threads, at random flung,  
That glitter on a robe of green.

Those plains *Æsepus*, *Rodios* lave,  
*Granicus*, once so dear to fame—  
 Yet all, *Scamander*, but thy wave,  
 Now sink in some barbaric name.

What spot, beside, within the zone,  
 Where man has rang'd, or sought to dwell;  
 What circuit, where such cities shone,  
 So many empires rose and fell?

There *Lydia*, *Phrygia*'s half-known plains,  
*Bythinia*, *Pergamus* expand—  
 There *Nicomedia*'s sad remains,  
 And proud *Byzantium*'s turrets stand—

From *Istris*' flood to *Pontus*' shores  
 There *Euxine*'s bosom we survey—  
 There, midst his isles, the *Ægean* roars,  
 And *Helle*'s gentler billows play—

While, cross the waves, in shelving rows,  
*Thracia's* bleak hills their summits rear,  
And *Athos*, cloth'd in kindred snows,  
Salutes, from *Greece*, a brother here.

Yet, hallow'd stream ! there are who've shed  
Thine honours o'er a subject rill,  
The chaplet torn from Ida's head  
To bind it on a nameless hill ;

And while, with reckless hand, they've dar'd  
To rend thy parent's wreaths and thine,  
They've fondly thought they rais'd the Bard  
Whose Muse alone those wreaths could twine

Oh ! mighty master of the lyre,  
By rapture's magic fingers strung,  
Who, who can drink thy strains of fire  
And listen to the critic's tongue ?

Force the wrapt tide of song to sleep,  
Or bid it stagnate in the vale—  
But doom, ah! doom it not to creep  
As flows the dull recorded tale.—

Shall stern Reality presume  
To group the flowers in Fancy's field?  
Farewell then every roseat bloom,  
Or honied sweet, those flowers could yield—

Farewell the dear creative arts—  
What scenes the pencil's powers unroll—  
The sculptor's touch, that life imparts—  
The extatic shell, that breathes a soul—

Must I, intranc'd in Milton's lays,  
No more, then tread his bowers of bliss—  
No more, in solemn terror gaze,  
As glides the fiend o'er death's abyss?

No more, thro' Tasso's forests rove,  
To see the enchanted Knight set free;  
And breathless wait, as heaves the grove,  
Charm'd by a spell more strong than he?

From Ossian's harp, no longer hear  
The ghost's shrill scream, the white wave toss'd;  
Must Selma's halls no more appear,  
And Cona's voice itself be lost?

Must I no more, delighted, stray  
My native brakes and glens among,  
To catch, ere quite they melt away,  
The last notes of the minstrel's song;

Those Bards that roam'd the lonely hill  
And cull'd tradition's scanty dews,  
Yet form'd from thence a stream to fill  
The amplest fountains of the Muse?

Or shall each son, that strikes the lyre,  
Sweep it as Fancy's fingers lead,  
And *thou*, the shell's immortal sire,  
*Thou* only be denied the meed?

Forbid it every genial power  
That bids the mental blossom rise,  
And fosters the expanding flower  
To all that's good, and great, and wise—

Forbid it every kindling glow,  
Instinctive trilling through the frame,  
That whilom taught thy Greece to know  
The fervours of her poet's flame

Tell, as thou will'st, the streams to glide,  
The plains to spread, the hills to rise,  
Bid Argive fleets, in myriads ride,  
And Ilium's bulwarks pierce the skies—

Let me, great Bard, but catch the lay  
Wafted thro' time, on transport's wings, ]  
And every raptur'd sense shall say,  
*Truth* can but speak as *Homer* sings.

ON  
LEAVING ATHOS.

“*March 31.—HAD* we arrived at this place after the most delightful voyage, it must have struck us with its beauty; what then must it have done now? How much must contrast have raised it in our thoughts? *Batopade* is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, monastery in Greece; it is situated upon a hill that immediately overlooks the sea;—the ground between, and beyond it, is laid out in a way that taste itself would have dictated,—the side of every

swell is planted with the olive—and the top of every one, grass or corn.—Behind the monastery, the mountains rise very abrupt, but covered with wood, and broken into several green vallies, through which a number of clear streams hurry on to the sea.—The building itself is as old as the time of Theodosius, having been erected by him, in consequence of having his son Arcadius preserved under a bramble bush on the coast, when the ship in which he was embarked, in order to come from Rome (where he had been visiting his brother Honorius) to Constantinople, was assaulted by a tempest in the neighbourhood of Athos. Arcadius petitioned the Virgin to preserve him from the storm, and soon after disappeared;—his courtiers thought he had fallen overboard, and gave him up for lost,—but upon

landing on the peninsula of Athos, found him safe and asleep, under a bramble ; hence the monastery acquired its name, compounded of *batos*, a bramble, and *paidos*, a child. The structure of the convent is more that of a castle, than that of a religious edifice ; it possesses little elegance, but it has all the grandeur of strength and antiquity.—It is not wonderful that *such* a building, in *such* a situation, and after *such* a voyage, appeared like a magic scene, raised by the wand of an enchanter.—We soon got on shore, and proceeded to the convent, where we were received, and accommodated, with every demonstration of kindness.

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*April 5th.*—We passed this day in rambling among the sweet woods with which the monastery is encompassed.—Nothing

can be more romantic than the aqueducts that convey water to the convent: they run along the sides of the hills, and over the vallies—through glades, and under rocks, in all the beauty of regular irregularity—and seem rather calculated for the ornament of a pleasure ground, than for the supply of a monastery:—the termination of one of them which we traced, was at a quiet little cascade, that appeared never to have been visited before by human steps.—In the evening we were entertained, or *disturbed*, by the noisy mirth of a large company of Albanian pilgrims, who came to pass the holy week in the mountain:—they sung, danced, and drank, and in the intervals of their amusement fired their guns continually over the windows.—What a strange picture did these fellows exhibit? Most of them were robbers,

and the greatest part of their songs recounted the thievish exploits which they had accomplished ;—their appearance was more ferocious than any thing I had ever before seen ;—the triumph which lighted up their countenances upon every discharge of their muskets, shewed but too plainly with what little compunction they could be guilty of the most dreadful deeds :—and yet these fellows entered the church with the most humble and penitent looks ;—nay, I thought I saw a tear start from the eye of one of them, upon seeing the picture of our Lord.—They are no doubt very savage, but might they not be still more so, were the little civilization withdrawn which they derive from the existence of the monasteries ?”

*Journal of a Route through Greece—1801.*

SWEET spot ! no more thy mountains must I tread,  
No more delighted on thy dells must gaze,  
Where nature's boldest, softest charms are spread,  
To sooth retirement, or devotion raise.

Sweet spot ! thy beauties from my eye may glide,  
But every tint on memory's roll shall last,  
Each varied scene I've witness'd on thy side,  
Each solemn hour among those scenes I've pass'd.

Still, still in thought, the winding glade I trace,  
Mark the deep chasm by many a torrent worn ;  
The tufts of shade that clothe each tall rock's base,  
The streaks of verdure that his brows adorn :

Still I behold the ridgy hills aspire,  
Wave beyond wave, as heaved the rifted ground,  
While towering Athos, like some hoary sire,  
Lifts his white head to view his sons around :

Still, still beneath thy cloister'd domes I stand,  
Or wander thro' thy solitary cells,  
Where, spite of all that blasts a drooping land,  
Learning yet lingers, Piety yet dwells.

Oh, never shall my heart forget the ties  
Beneath those domes by friendship round it wreath'd,  
The words of kindness, and the glistening eyes  
That spoke a welcome ere the words were breath'd :

Ne'er shall it cease, in grateful throbs to own  
The worth and talents it has honour'd there ;  
The zeal and science that the world have flown,  
To find their duties and their joys in prayer.—

Haply those virtues that illume the shade,  
To courts or camps might lustre have supplied ;—  
But let not vain regret their cells invade,—  
In life's rude storm perhaps the flame had died.

Nor let misguided folly rashly deem  
 Those virtues shine with empty splendour fraught,  
 When lands benighted brighten with the beam,  
 And torpid bosoms kindle into thought—

Too few may be the beams—too faint to dawn  
 Truth's vivid light thro' each secluded glen ;  
 But think, ah think, were those few beams withdrawn,  
 How dark a gloom would shroud the prospect then !

Few are the cultur'd specks on Athos' side,  
 But every green-edg'd forest waves a grove ;  
 Blight those few specks, the tangled brake spreads wide,  
 And only tigers thro' the desert rove.

I've seen Albania's tribes the cloister seek,  
 And heard their tales of murder half express'd ;—  
 The blush of vengeance reddened on their cheek,  
 And the yet blood-stain'd sabre told the rest,—

They join'd the rites.—I saw the big tear start,  
The deep sigh struggle, as the choir they trod:—  
That tear might shed contrition on the heart,  
That sigh might waft th' awakening soul to God.

Perhaps in regions blest with freedom's smile,  
Where knowledge pours its tide thro' every dale,  
The cloister'd dome may sink an useless pile,  
Or gleam an ivy'd tower to grace the vale:

But let not those fall'n domes forgotten sink,  
Midst reason's triumph, or refinement's boast—  
Not favour'd *Britain* once could knowledge drink  
But where the convent stream'd it o'er the coast.

Oh! when the hour shall come, as soon it must,  
When Othman's tottering empire prostrate lies,  
When the pale Crescent hides its head in dust,  
And Moslem splendour sinks no more to rise,

May no reforming fiend of Gallic brood,  
O'er these sad seats his blasting wings expand !  
Their altars ravage, dye their shades with blood,  
And scatter horrors o'er the shrieking land ;

Oh may some bosom where the virtues play,  
Where Pity's eye a sheltering home can see,  
Reform their errors—lop their faults away—  
But, while the shoots are prun'd, support the tree.

Then shall these seats once more the blessings shed,  
Again through Greece diffuse her ancient lore—  
Cherish her offspring—raise her drooping head—  
And Truth revive, and Faith's pure light restore!

## ON VIEWING

## ATHENS FROM THE PNYX,

BY THE

LIGHT OF A WANING MOON.

FULL well, dim lamp, thy waning form accords  
With the sunk splendours of Pelasgia's queen—  
Yet ample light that half-swell'd orb affords  
To clear to Fancy the surrounding scene.

Her glance shall pierce the darkness, and display  
Fame's radiant seat in all its glory deck'd,  
Unchang'd by time, uninjur'd by decay,  
The Goth's dire rage, or Turk's more dire neglect.

Her touch shall rear each edifice o'erthrown,  
Each mould'ring pile to former pomp restore,  
And as they rise, with wonder she shall own  
That art could range, where fancy dar'd not soar.

But all's not Fancy's—from admist the blaze  
Of sculptur'd splendour once around thee shed,  
Enough remains to tell the raptur'd gaze,  
The beating breast—'tis Athens that we tread.

Those walls, by Theseus rais'd, we yet can trace,  
That round thy rock their waving circuit twine,  
Where every battlement unfolds a grace  
Unknown to domes or palaces but thine.

Yet gleams the hero's temple—simply plain,  
Sublimely great the living wonder see!  
Fresh as of old its blooming charms remain,  
To mark to modern pride what Greece could be.

Along yon brow, that crowns the craggy height,  
The shatter'd Parthenon her front expands,  
Still thro' her ruins flaming on the sight,  
The first, the fairest work of human hands.

Still wave the olive groves, that stretch'd their shade  
O'er buried patriots, and o'er studious youth—  
Where Academus rose—where wisdom stray'd  
To catch the voice of Socrates and truth.

Still red Hymettus shews his perfum'd head—  
Cephisus still sheds verdure thro' the plain—  
Still parch'd Ilyssus stagnates on his bed,  
Or rolls a wintry torrent to the main.

Still where yon track ere closing eve I saw—  
Where o'er the crag the chizzel'd pathway bends—  
The throne of Equity—the boast of Law—  
Still Areopagus unchang'd extends.

Here once trod Solon—from this far-fam'd seat  
He bade his Athens every blessing share—  
Here toil'd Themistocles to make her great—  
And Pericles to see her learn'd and fair—

Where juts the rock to form yon mossy shelf—  
*And those* tall thistles with the breezes swell—  
There, sighing for his country, not himself—  
Unblemish'd Aristides chalk'd the shell—

Ye glorious names—long honour'd—long caress'd—  
Ye seats oft thought on, that at length appear—  
With what sensations do ye heave my breast—  
What kindling fervours wake, unfelt but here?

Whence is it that those names, these seats should yield  
A thrilling throb no other scenes e'er gave?  
Britain can boast full many a sweeter field,  
Sages as wise, and combatants as brave.

Some fond remembrance—some connected thought  
Hovers around each antiquated stone—  
Each scene retraced with conscious pleasures fraught,  
And Athens' youth recall'd recalls my own.

While History tells the deeds that grac'd yon vale,  
The spot where oft I've mark'd them memory shews—  
The rising picture hides the fleeting tale—  
Ilyssus vanishes and Granta flows.

Again I see life's renovated spring  
With every opening hour and every smile,  
Unnipt by care—unbrush'd by sorrow's wing,  
That welcom'd pleasure when they welcom'd toil.

Again I see that gay, that busy band,  
With whom I wander'd by the willowy stream,  
Where nature's truths or history's page we scann'd,  
And deem'd we reason'd on the various theme.

Where are they now? some struggling in the waves  
Of care or trouble, anguish, want, or fear—  
Some sunk in death, and mould'ring in their graves  
Like the once busy throngs that bustled here.

Dim wan'ning Planet! that behind yon hill  
Hast'nest to lose in shades thy glimmering light,  
A few short days thy changing orb shall fill  
Again to sparkle in the locks of night:

And thou, fall'n city, where barbarians tread,  
Whose sculptur'd arches form the foxes den,  
In circling time perhaps may lift thy head  
The queen of arts and elegance again.

But oh! lov'd youths, departed from the day,  
What time, what change shall dissipate your gloom?  
Nor change, nor time, till time has roll'd away,  
Recalls to light the tenants of the tomb:

Ye're set in death—and soon this fragile frame,  
That weeps your transit, shall your path pursue—  
Each toil forego—renounce each favourite aim—  
Glide from the fading world, and sink with you.

Father of spirits ! ere that awful hour,  
While life yet lingers let it feel thy ray,  
Teach it some beams of scatter'd good to pour—  
Some useful light, as it flits on, display !

I ask no following radiance to appear  
To mark its track, for praise or fame to see,  
But oh, may *Hope* its last faint glimmerings cheer,  
And *Faith* waft on the spark unquench'd to Thee !

ON BEING DISAPPOINTED IN  
A PROSPECT OF PARNASSUS,  
FROM THE HEIGHTS BETWEEN  
ELEUSIS AND MEGARA.

*TO THE MUSE.*

'Tis fruitless all—lov'd spot, in vain  
I bend my steps to thee—  
In vain my aching eye-balls strain,  
Thy cliffs I must not see;

The ruffian band around thee spread  
Forbid my foot's advance,  
And now yon clouds that hide thy head  
Refuse a distant glance.

But dim and distant as thou art,  
Tho' horrors round thee glare  
Yet gratitude shall speed my heart,  
To leave a tribute there—

Yes, gratitude my heart shall speed  
Athwart th' expanse to glide,  
To thank the Muse for every meed  
She's granted or denied.

She did not breathe a strain of fire  
To roll in flames along,  
To kindle the extatic lyre,  
And wrap each thought in song;

She deign'd a mild but constant beam,  
That every gloom beguiles,  
That sheds on life a cheering gleam,  
And gilds each hour with smiles.

The Muse's beams, too well I know,  
Can pour a painful light,  
And many a tint assume a glow  
To agonize the sight :

When doom'd to weep the bliss remov'd,  
Or parting friend deplore,  
The touch that heightens all we lov'd  
But marks its loss the more.

Yet let not pride the boon disdain,  
Or petulance deny—  
Those powers that double every pain,  
Can double every joy :

'Tis theirs to deck the short-liv'd flower  
With fancy's fairest hue,  
And when it's cropt, in memory's bower,  
To bid it bloom anew.

But few the sparkling moments giv'n  
To trill thro' shores of bliss,  
Nor many, thanks to gracious heav'n,  
Ingulph'd in woe's abyss ;

The general stream, the lapse of life,  
An evener tenor keeps—  
Midst daily care and petty strife,  
Its vapid current creeps ;

'Tis then the Muse's charm is dealt  
To decorate the scene,  
Then is its magic influence felt,  
And rapture owns her queen.

Oh ! let me hail the genial power,  
And say how much I owe,  
For every languor-rescued hour  
It taught a livelier flow—

Hence, nor beneath my natal shade,  
Nor in the distant plain,  
Nor labouring up the rugged glade.  
Nor resting on the main,

Nor wandering thro' the silent gloom,  
Where solitude reclines,  
Nor treading e'en the crowded room  
Where yawning pleasure pines,

Ne'er, ne'er since youth's unconscious spring  
First drank the vivid ray,  
Ne'er have I chid time's lagging wing,  
Or known the listless day.

For every feature, groves or fields,  
Men, cities, rocks or seas,  
Each object art or nature yields  
The Muse can mould to please;

To her, nor weeds deform the ground,  
Nor hurricanes the air,  
No desert can be barren found,  
No precipice be bare ;

Alike the scene that truth unfolds,  
Or fiction wafts to sight—  
Whate'er the Muse's eye beholds  
Brightens and beams delight.

Amidst the range yon mountain's brow  
Develops to the gaze,  
Say, what will apathy allow  
Her fretful glance surveys?

Here an old town its turrets rears—  
There lies a ruin'd pile—  
Cross the deserted deep appears  
A desolated isle—

That town is Megara.—Can the Muse  
Thus cold the spot run o'er?  
No, midst those mould'ring walls she views  
Whate'er was there before—

Again the busy, bustling swarm—  
The crowded city's trac'd,  
And every breast with glory warm  
That Athens' rival grac'd.

That pile's Eleusis—Raptur'd maid !  
What visions meet thine eyes ?  
Once more thou see'st the solemn shade—  
The hallow'd fane arise—

There swell'd the mystic rite—with awe  
The fearful step must move—  
Oh ! I could gaze, and think I saw  
The goddess rock the grove—

That island's Salamis—where fame  
In noontide splendour shone,  
And blaz'd on Greece the deathless name  
That dawn'd at Marathon—

Touch'd by the Muse, th' heroic train  
Still in the battle breathes—  
The years roll back, and Greece again  
Is deck'd in all her wreaths.

Oh ! midst these seats that fable's tongue,  
Or history's pen engage,  
Still be it thine t' illume the song,  
And vivify the page ;

And when to busier paths I fly,  
Bright queen be with me still,  
Each thought unclaim'd to occupy,  
Each vacant pause to fill ;

Bright queen of fancy, still be there  
Th' enlivening ray to pour—  
But ah ! seductive maid, forbear  
To steal on duty's hour.

WRITTEN ON THE  
BANKS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

“ Not one bay or promontory on the shores of the Bosphorus, but what exhibits some picturesque beauty, and scarce any, but what possesses either fabulous or historical celebrity.

The room I inhabit literally overhangs the water.—Immediately opposite to my window, on the Asiatic side, rises a hill, which was formerly called the Bed of Hercules, but which at present is styled the Mountain of the Giant, as there is buried upon it the thigh-bone of the prophet Isaiah,

the grave of which, measures no less than nineteen yards in length—a mosque is built adjoining the cemetery, and a dervise is appointed to attend it, and to receive the pilgrims who resort thither to pay their devotions.—

I have been very frequently to visit the sacred spot :—my object in making the pilgrimage, was to enjoy, from the top of the mountain, one of the sweetest, and at the same time the most interesting prospects, that I believe the world affords.—The Giant's Mountain is situated about midway in the Bosphorus, and commands a view of the whole of its extent.—

Towards the *north* you have the reach leading to the Black Sea;—the shores on both sides are abrupt precipices all the way—bold and barren ;—and you see the Euxine,

at the end of the two dark cheeks, like a sheet of sapphire.—The only striking object that intervenes, is the ruin of an old castle, situated upon the brow of one of the boldest promontories, and just in that picturesque state of decay that the masterly hand of Cromwell has effected in so many of our ancient fortifications in England.—This castle was erected by the Byzantines, repaired by the Greek Emperors, and restored by the Genoese at the time they possessed the commerce of these countries.—

The view to the *south* is still more striking ;—you have the windings of the Bosporus almost quite to the Propontis.—The shores are rather beautiful than magnificent, consisting principally of gentle swells, but differently shaped, and differently adorned ;—some of them are simple slopes covered

with verdure,—others are clothed with vine-yards,—some are broken into rocks, and spotted with pines,—and a few, where there are cemeteries, shaded with the dark green of the cyprus.—At every opening of a valley (and there are several on both sides of the Strait) you have a meadow as grassy as any I have seen in England, and shadowed with trees of as large a size.

Both the European and Asiatic shores are fringed with villages and *kiosks* ;—the prospect is terminated by the minarets of Constantinople, the Propontis with its islands, and the blue ridge of Olympus.—One of the most remarkable features in the picture is the Castle of the Janissaries—the Tower of Oblivion,—which pushes itself forward into the sea, as if to meet the Asiatic castle on the other side.—

Who can look at this pass, without feeling some glow at the recollection of the events which have there taken place?—The adventures of *Io*,—the combat of the *Argonauts*,—the passage of *Darius* into Scythia and Greece,—of *Godfrey de Boulogne* into Palestine,—of *Mohammed* to attack Constantinople.—It is curious that the same spot should have witnessed (or have been said to have witnessed) so many celebrated transactions; transactions which in themselves and their consequences, certainly embrace the most interesting parts of human history:—it also affords some striking illustrations of a moral, which (however skilfully the latter part of it may be slurred over by those sceptical writers, who unfortunately both in our country and others, have stepped forward as historians) is, I conceive, strictly

true, (viz.) that though “the events of history consist only of a tissue of follies and crimes,” yet these events in their consequences, tend to promote order, and to produce happiness; —that though man is but too liable to change good into evil, Providence can always convert that evil into good.—Thus, from the *piracy* and *depredations* of the Argonauts, arose *navigation*, and the first symptoms of *civilization* in Greece.—The *invasion* of Darius, and the subsequent *wars* with Persia, consolidated her into *one* people,—called forth her *energies* and *exertions* in every art and science, and ultimately spread her language through the world, to serve at length as a vehicle for *religion*.—To the *fury* and *madness* of the Crusades, we owe perhaps most of the *comforts* of modern life;—general *urbanity* of manners,—attention to the more

*minute decencies,—the introduction of female society.—The conquests of the Turks, and the overthrow of Constantinople, civilized the rest of Europe; and in a way perhaps more rapid than could otherwise have been effected,—spread light and literature through the world.”*

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FRESH and gay's the verdure shed  
O'er yon valley's faded green—  
'Twas the flood so widely spread,  
Thus with emeralds gemm'd the scene.

Bright yon tide reflects the day,  
Sparkling on the shore it laves—  
Last night's tempest swept away  
Every film that dimm'd the waves.

Blue and clear the morning's brow—  
Soft and fragrant breathes the air ;  
What were mists are ether now,  
Melted by the light'ning's glare.

“ Hail that Power, whose gracious will  
“ Wakes the tempest, pours the flood—  
“ Taught by him, each germ of ill  
“ Blossoms in expansive good.”

Thanks, dervise, for thy strain—  
Well it pourtrays the gracious cause  
Why seeming ills thro' nature reign,  
And well it vindicates her bounteous laws.

O ! could thy song as well  
The moral prospect scan,  
Thus clear its ills—its doubts dispel,  
And deck in guise of good the deeds of man !

But ah! while here on Bosphorus's shore,  
Where fable flourished, and where history rose,  
While here I stand, what spot can I explore  
But some sad scene attests of horrors, crimes and woes !

---

Mark yon tufted fields that lie  
Smiling by the mountain's feet ;—  
Where could peace a scene descry,  
Fitter for her hallow'd seat ?

Seldom has that seat been rear'd  
Midst yon fields, beneath yon shade ;  
Discord's din, by madmen cheer'd,  
Frighted hence the trembling maid.

There old Argo's pirate crew,  
Cluster'd on the velvet plain,  
There they fought, and thence they flew,  
Red with slaughter to the main.

Where around yon rocky steep  
Euxine's waves his rage display,  
Thence they plough'd the roaring deep  
Till they grasp'd the golden prey.

How many a various source of woe  
Flow'd from that daring deed;  
How many a tear was taught to flow,  
How many a *future* bosom doom'd to bleed ?

In predatory war  
The hostile bands engage—  
And Greece alike, and Asia long must share  
Alternate ravages, alternate rage,

Till swell'd by mutual wrongs and mutual hate,  
The poison'd cup boil'd o'er in Ida's vale,  
And Ilium's sorrows, Hector's hapless fate,  
And the sad Conqueror's ills shut up th' afflictive tale.

---

Farther up the shelving coast,  
On yon rock Darius stood,  
There he rang'd his martial host,  
Thence he sped them o'er the flood—

“ Scythia first my wrath shall feel”—  
Ah forbear the flame to raise!  
When a spark once quits the steel,  
Who shall say where stops the blaze?

Many an age and many a race  
Long shall curse thy hated power;  
Endless woes shall Persia trace,  
Endless ills from this rash hour.

Check, ah check thy wild career—  
Madd'ning vengeance drives thee on;  
Harrowing shrieks thou soon shalt hear,  
Shrieks of ghosts from Marathon.

The son succeeds the sire—  
See Xerxes' flag unfurl'd—  
With deeper hate and deadlier ire  
He pours on frightened Greece a following world.

Tho' ruin'd Athens crush'd was mourn'd,  
Tho' Sparta felt the sword,  
Platæa's day each wrong return'd  
On slaughter'd myriads, and their baffled lord.

Nor Persia ceas'd thy woes—Granicus' shore,  
Arbela's plain, resound the victor's boast—  
Wider and wider spreads the stream of gore,  
Till in the purple tide thy name, thine empire's lost.

---

Blush, Granicus, blush to see  
Carnage drench once more thy waves—  
There was seal'd fate's stern decree—  
Rome shall rule a world of slaves.

Fruitless fought the Pontic king,  
Vainly rous'd each fresh array;  
Giant Rome's o'erpowering wing  
Swept th' embattled ranks away.

Plung'd in sorrow nations lie—  
Yet herself no joys shall know—  
Foes are vanquish'd, rivals fly,  
Rome is Rome's severest foe.

See the kindred bands advance—  
Brothers pierc'd by brothers fall;  
Sons on sires hurl back the lance  
Till a despot crushes all.

Then humbled Rome in turn,  
Bow'd to the oppressor's rod;  
Her tyrant's hate, her tyrant's scorn,  
Wept at their crimes, but trembled at their nod.

'Twas hence Byzantium grew  
In all her glittering pride—  
The monarch spoke—the servile crew  
Rais'd yonder splendid pile to crown the tide.

Byzantium rose, and flattering slaves might tell  
How wide she stretch'd, how high she rear'd her head;  
The wretched exile forc'd these crowds to swell,  
Curs'd ev'ry golden dome, and mourn'd his native shed.

---

Cross the wave see yon green vale—  
What's the host that musters there ?  
Different banners ride the gale,  
Different arms the warriors bear—

There the wild Crusaders form—  
There assembled Europe stands—  
Heav'n they deem awakes the storm,  
Hell the Paynim's blood demands.

Godfrey leads th' enthusiasts on—  
See, they seek yon grassy bay ;  
Towns destroy'd and realms o'erthrown  
Thence shall mark the furious way.

Fruitless strive the Moslem powers—  
Hosts are vanquish'd, chieftains fall ;  
Till the Cross thro' sanguine showers  
Gleam'd on Sion's sacred wall.

The Moslem world afar  
Mourn'd the polluted fane,  
And long the flames of holy war  
Blaz'd from Hydaspes to th' Atlantic main.

In vain the Barons bled,  
In vain Crusaders pour'd,  
Fell Saladin the battle led,  
And Sion wept once more a Moslem lord.

Tho' Richard fought—tho' many a champion keen  
Track'd his bright path—fort after fort was reft,  
Knight sunk on knight—till Lewis clos'd the scene—  
And hope for ever fled, and hate alone was left.

---

Yet again behold yon shore  
Where the fierce Crusaders lay,  
Thence Mohammed wafted o'er  
Squadrons fiercer still than they—

Seated on Oblivion's tower,  
Dark they brood Byzantium's doom—  
Waning Greece, thy fated hour  
Lowers behind the deep'ning gloom.

O'er thy plains their ranks are spread,  
Round thy walls their squadrons close ;  
Not a bulwark rears its head  
But some scar of battle shews.—

“ Let my ships,” Mohammed cried,  
 “ Dragg’d along yon mountain’s brow,  
 “ Over hills and vallies glide  
 “ Till the harbour’s breast they plough.”

The Sultan breathes the law—  
 His ships the harbour sought ;  
 Sad Constantine the wonder saw,  
 And shook his bosom with a dastard thought.

Yon bloody tower can tell—  
 There fought the gallant train ;  
 There, midst his chiefs, the hero fell,  
 And blest the sword that sent him to the slain.

Then, lost Byzantium, wert thou doom’d to wail  
 For three long days—whatever rage or avarice could frame,  
 Or hatred prompt—ah ! hide the dreadful tale,  
 And blot th’ historic roll that ills alone proclaim.

---

“ Hail that Power, whose gracious will  
    “ Wakes the tempest, pours the flood—  
“ Taught by him each germ of ill  
    “ Blossoms in expansive good.”—

Dervise, dost thou deem aright?  
    Canst thou still that strain prolong ?  
Yes—I see the opening light—  
    Right thou deem’st, and true thy song.

Guilt and crimes may evil send,  
    Bursting every source of woe ;  
Heaven the poison’d stream can bend  
    Till its waves benignant flow.

Once again time’s records scan,  
    History’s scenes once more unfold :  
But beware—the event to ban,  
    Ere its wide effects be told.

There Jason pour'd his crew—  
Tho' horrors mark'd the deed,  
Did no bright gleam the track pursue?  
No ray of good those clouds of woe succeed?

Thence Navigation sprung—  
Thence Commerce learnt to sweep  
Far from the coasts where long she'd clung,  
And brush'd, with fearless wing, the distant deep.

Hence arts unknown, and truths unheard before  
Were wafted round, thro' each sequester'd glen—  
Hence gentler manners smiled on every shore,  
And wild barbarian tribes were soften'd into men

Yon dark cliff recalls the hour  
When Darius wak'd the storm—  
Still its brows seem sad to lower  
As th' embattled squadrons form.

Does it nought recall beside?

Yes—let raptur'd Freedom say

How her Greece those hosts defied—

How she roll'd the storm away:

How those energies gleam'd forth,

That at once fir'd every heart,

How their magic call'd to birth

Virtue, wisdom, science, art!

'Twas the glorious conflict taught

Every energy to be—

Taught *that* truth—oh! cheaply bought—

Men are only men when free.

---

Nor blush Granicus more

At thy twice blood-stain'd breast—

No more the fated day deplore

That gave the world on Rome's broad lap to rest.

Hence thro' this peaceful scene  
Religion swiftly spread—  
While all on earth appear'd serene  
The soul could listen, and to heav'n be led—

Hence, when in yonder dome the monarch first  
Sanction'd her rites, and join'd the choral song,  
What raptur'd shouts from circling myriads burst,  
Who now could boast the Faith their hearts had lov'd so long.

---

What so wild e'er rush'd to arms  
As to Godfrey's standard flew ?  
Offspring of the furious swarms  
That the might of Rome o'erthrew.

Fierce the battles—fell the war  
That from Godfrey's triumphs flow'd—  
Yet let chivalry declare  
Many a bliss her hand bestow'd.

'Twas in her fantastic hour  
Gentler modes the manners grac'd—  
Honour breath'd his magic power—  
Knights were true, and dames were chaste—

'Twas her high behest that bade  
Every social joy improve—  
Ranks were form'd, and life display'd  
Female converse, female love.

---

Yet still her sons were rude  
Nor letter'd influence felt—  
Each thought was war—each dream was blood,  
And every wish the crimson wreath by victory dealt.

Yon city fell—the tide  
Of lore long treasur'd there  
Gush'd forth at once, and spread so wide,  
Each cup could lave, each lip the draught could share.

Then, Greece, again thy soul the poets caught,  
Once more thy sages charm'd in graver tone—  
Thy statesmen reason'd, and thy martyrs taught,  
And light and learning rose, and truth unclouded shone.



T R A N S L A T I O N S

F R O M

T H E A R A B I C.



THE  
MIRACLES OF BEAUTY.

FROM MOTANEBBI.

THRO' midnight glooms my Leila stray'd,  
Her ebon locks around her play'd—  
So dark they wav'd—so black they curl'd,  
Another night o'erspread the world—

The moon arose—and Leila's face  
Resplendent shone with every grace—  
It gleam'd so fair—it beam'd so bright,  
Another moon illum'd the night.

ON

## AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN,

AT THE TIME OF A PESTILENCE.

DEATH and the Doctor to destroy  
Poor mortals have agreed—  
But why need both their cares employ,  
When one can do the deed ?

THE  
CIRCLING FLAGGON.

'Twas the flaggon that bent o'er the goblet, you thought,  
Where the wine so bewitchingly smil'd—  
How you err'd? 'Twas a mother, with tenderness fraught,  
That lean'd down to suckle her child.

'Twas the flaggon that bent o'er the goblet, you said,  
Whose lustre the moon might admire—  
How you err'd? 'Twas a Magi that bow'd down his head  
Devoutly to worship the fire.

UPON

## VISITING A FRIEND.

Yes, I can boast a friend is mine  
Whom all the virtues grace,  
The dearest of a kindred line,  
The noblest of our race.

A scion from his friendship sprung  
I planted in my breast—  
How fondly to the soil it clung  
Its blooming fruit confess.

Yet, by Affection's touch inclin'd,  
To Selim when I'd go,  
My Selim's house I never find,  
My friend I never know—

For when I reach his welcome dome,  
His kind attentions share,  
I always find that I'm at home,  
Another self is there.

## T O L O V E.

YES, Tyrant ! all must own thy sway,  
The rich, the great, thy nod obey,  
    To thee the wise submit ;  
And what are thy resistless arms ?  
The smiles of beauty—virtue's charms  
    And elegance, and wit.

Enchanter fell ! thy magic powers  
Can change each boon that nature showers,  
    Can blast each gift benign,  
And what her bounteous hand bestows,  
To gild our days, and calm our woes,  
    Are pangs and death from thine.

## ON DANCING.

THE breathing gales of music blow  
To wake the dance's rolling tide—  
The circling waves of beauty flow—  
And now they swell, and now subside.

Ocean of rapture ! when we see  
Thy bending billows round us toss,  
Who would not launch their heart in thee,  
Yet who could launch and not be lost ?

S O N G S,  
IN THE TALE OF  
ZOHEIR AND AMKETTOOM.

I.

*TO HIS MISTRESS.*

To thee with streaming eyes I go,  
To thee with burning heart I move—  
That Love can kill too well I know,  
Yet know I cannot cease to love.

## II.

*TO THE SULTAN.*

THINK not, while trembling here I stand,  
 Thou seest a guilty wretch appear—  
 I tremble from oppression's hand,  
 But not from guilt, but not from fear.

Sure all my sufferings, all my shame  
 Have wash'd my venial fault away,  
 If not—then seize this feeble frame,  
 And yield the grave its scanty prey.

Or vengeance doom, or pardon give,  
 I view my fate with equal eye—  
 'Tis not for life I wish to live—  
 'Tis not for death I fear to die.

ON THE  
FESTIVAL OF ALNAHAT,  
THE FESTIVAL AT THE TERMINATION OF THE  
GREAT FAST.

SEE ! the festal morn, so dear,  
Led by genial spring, appear !  
Time and nature fondly vie  
Which can yield the purer joy—

Haste, and bid the flaggon's seal,  
All its treasur'd stores reveal—  
Let the rill, that long has sigh'd,  
Wed the wine, its blushing bride.

Hark ! the mother camels throng  
Round the folds to seek their young—  
Fill the goblet—fill it up—  
Life and love are in the cup.

Mark that gleam—that widening streak—  
'Tis the dawn begins to break,  
Tears the shadowy veil from light,  
And dispels the troops of night.

In the east the sunbeams glow—  
Now the misty vale they shew—  
Now the winding stream unfold,  
Flaming bright with liquid gold.

Now the sun bursts on the skies,  
Nature's charms resplendent rise—  
See, from tears the clouds have shed,  
Groves and plains with smiles o'erspread,

Hills and dales their cheeks disclose  
Crimson'd with the opening rose!—

Genial cloud ! we owe to thee  
Every blooming flower we see ;  
Yet should e'er thy hand refuse  
Breathing showers, and fostering dews,  
Deem not that our joys are gone,  
That they flow from thee alone,  
Brighter dews, and sweeter showers  
*Fazil's* genial bounty pours.

## ON THE

## DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WHEN death had snatch'd my friend away,  
I would not breathe a last adieu,  
Some dream I hop'd might still display  
The dear departed to my view—

Vain were my hopes, and vain my sighs ;  
How could I dream without repose ?  
And how could slumber seal my eyes,  
When tears forbade their lids to close ?

THE

## CHILD OF SORROW.

*THRO' yonder deep sequester'd grove  
I saw a moody maniac rove—  
With hurried steps he pac'd along,  
And wildly breath'd a plaintive song—  
“ Sweetly thou sings't,” said I, “ poor youth”—  
“ Ha”—fierce he cried, “ what foe to truth  
“ With falsehood's glozing arts shall try  
“ To flatter such a wretch as I?  
“ Too well I know how fatal they,  
“ Who mean not what they seem to say,  
“ Hence then perfidious—hence, retire—  
“ Or dread the CHILD of SORROW's ire.”*

*With keener glance his eye-balls roll'd—  
 His brows with darker tempests scowl'd—  
 Yet still I staid—till my wet cheek  
 The pity shew'd I could not speak ;  
 'Twas then I saw his rage subside—  
 'Twas then with alter'd voice, he cried—  
 “ Yes, traveller, yes, that starting tear  
 “ Has told me that thou art sincere—  
 “ Come if thou wilt—but mark me well—  
 “ Whate'er I ask thee truly tell—  
 “ Come if thou wilt—and welcome stay  
 “ To hear the CHILD of SORROW's lay.”*

## SONG.

“ Sad I saw the camels laden,  
 “ Rous'd to march ere blush of morn—  
 “ Sad I saw the fairest maiden  
 “ From my fond embraces torn—

“ Why the camel’s steps excite ye?

“ Ah why bid the lash resound?

“ Why in that mad speed delight ye,

“ Bought with many a bleeding wound ?

“ One last look to gain I darted,

“ To the litter’s cords I clung—

“ Vain my force—the band departed,

“ Thro’ my hands the tight cords rung.

“ Plung’d in grief, with eye-lids streaming,

“ To the hillock’s verge I flew,

“ As they past me, fondly deeming

“ I could wave a half adieu.

“ Vain my speed—I dimly trac’d her

“ In the vale’s extremest bend,

“ Then I cried in frantic gesture

“ Way-worn beasts, your flight suspend ;

“ Cruel youths, a moment spare her,  
     “ Let her catch my once-lov’d breath,  
 “ Think, ah think, each step ye bear her  
     “ Gives me agony and death.—

“ Why, they answer’d, why that sorrow,  
     “ Why such causeless grief display?  
 “ Thy lov’d maid will rest to-morrow,  
     “ Let her move in peace to day—

“ Traveller! ere the morn I hasted,  
     “ Sooth’d by what the flatterers said—  
 “ And she did rest—say where rested?  
     “ *Child of Woe! on death’s cold bed.*”

“ Yes, on death’s cold bed I found her,  
     “ All that once was bright and fair—  
 “ Saw the tomb’s dank walls surround her—  
     “ Allah! let me join her there”——

*He ceas'd, his looks to heaven were cast—  
A faint smile o'er his features past—  
'Twas hope, long lost, the beam supplied—  
He breath'd out Abla's name, and—died!*

# ORIGINAL POEMS.



THE

## SALTED CHERRY,

A TALE.

TO BE WRITTEN IN MRS. WOOLSTENCROFT'S  
RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

IN days when fairies tript the green  
And oft were visited and seen  
By many a mortal dame,  
There liv'd a maid—no matter where—  
Sprightly and young, and rich and fair,  
And *Bertha* was her name.

Sure such a prize, where beauty strove,  
Combin'd with gold, to kindle love,

Must every bosom fire!—

But, strange to tell, no beating breast  
The force of Bertha's charms confest,

No suitor e'er came nigh her.

King Oberon in amazement ponder'd,  
Ev'n gentle Bertha somewhat wonder'd—

The Muse can ne'er dissemble,

Quoth Oberon, “ What can this portend ?  
The world is coming to an end—

My parliament assemble.”

Long time in deep debate they sat,  
Were free to own it—and all that—

Till every lord was gravell'd ;  
At length the monarch—“ Here I swear  
By sweet Titania's amber hair,

I'll have my doubts unravell'd ;

My kingdom for a horse!" he cried,  
And soon a butterfly's supplied  
That bears him to her dwelling;  
To Bertha's chamber-door he tript  
And thro' the yawning key-hole slipt  
More quickly than the telling.

What saw he there? no silken robes,  
But quadrants, telescopes, and globes,  
In learn'd confusion pil'd,  
And pickled toads, and ponderous books,  
And pot-hooks, diagrams and crooks—  
The Elfin monarch smil'd.

Bertha was in a reverie,  
An open folio on her knee,  
Her finger on her cheek;  
"Ho, ho," quoth Oberon, "I vow  
The mystery's unravell'd now—  
The lady studies Greek."

The king advanc'd, and bowing said,  
“ Your eyes are bright, my charming maid,  
    But one seems somewhat bloody.”—  
“ Ah, sire,” cried Bertha with a sigh,  
Who can preserve a cloudless eye,  
    And stick to midnight study?”

“ Your fingers, too, would sure display  
Their rosy tips more clear, if they  
    From sable stains were freed.”—  
“ ’Tis only ink, my lord, and know  
I prize the glorious tints that shew  
    I write as well as read.”

“ Mistaken maid, the king replied,  
Why shall the gloomy mists of pride  
    Extinguish beauty's beam?  
Ah why, why cause the female mind,  
For every native sweet design'd,  
    With learning's weeds to teem!”

“ Ha,” quoth the fair, “ shall learning’s name,  
 The zest of life, the wreath of fame,  
 By Oberon be debas’d ?  
 Know, sire, the Stoicks all agree  
 Whate’er is excellent *per se*  
 Can never be misplac’d.”

“ Have souls a sex? &c. &c. &c.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

*Here 93 stanzas are omitted.*

She ceas’d; the king attention lent,  
 Then bow’d a kind of half assent,  
 And cried, in kingly guise,  
 “ Bright Bertha, sup with us to-night,  
 Titania will be ravish’d quite  
 To see a maid so wise.”

The evening comes—the maid arrives—  
 The guests are set—the monarch strives  
     To please the fair one's palate,  
 With *chillimangs* \* and *challimize*, †  
 And ‡ *sorum* soup and § *porum* pies,  
     And *karrimany* || sallet.

She prais'd each dainty of the fairies,  
 But soon a tempting dish of cherries  
     Her wandering fancy struck,  
 She ne'er had seen the fruit before,  
 'Twas but just known on Pontus' shore,  
     And stol'n by Robin Puck.

\* Vid. *Nollarius de Mor. Elfinonim*, lib. xiv.

† 19. Nec non *tristis edulia* vet. P. 921.

‡ *Zincopius de Peris et Divis*, pag. 1311.

§ *Strzwarterii Au coquin.* Spiritum, lib. 2, pag. 13.

|| *Stanchius de Factis Antiq.* Pag. 19, § 2, pag. 3.

*Chinkzinkius de Rebus nori intellectes*, pag. 103.

She saw, she tasted, and she lov'd—  
 The monarch much her choice approv'd,  
     But cried “ You eat them wrong”—  
 Then o'er the fair one's crowded plate,  
 Bending with aldermanic state,  
     A shower of *salt* he flung.

Again the crimson fruit she seiz'd—  
 But ah ! the fruit no longer pleas'd,  
     Her rising gorge revolted—  
 And while she writh'd with sick'ning pain,  
 She cried—“ Ah curse me not again  
     With *cherries* that are *salted*.”

“ Ha,” quoth the king, “ shall salt's great name,  
 The zest of meat, the gravy's fame,  
     By Bertha be debas'd ?  
 Know that the Stoics all agree  
 Whate'er is excellent *per se*  
     Can never be misplac'd.”

The blushing fair one heard the hint,  
Consider'd what the fable meant,  
And guess'd the sense it carried ;  
To frowns and folios bade adieu,  
Her lute resum'd, her shuttle threw,  
And in a month was married

## HOPUS, TROPUS, AND MOPUS.

## A TALE.

THREE learned friends, in days of yore,  
Set out from Granta's sedgy shore  
Upon an expedition :  
*Tropus*, the wonder of the bar,  
*Mopus*, a theologic star,  
And *Hopus*, a physician.

Each foremost in the path he trac'd,  
Display'd a brow with chaplets grac'd  
That Glory's\* hands had twisted—  
Each glow'd with learning's genial flame,  
But like all genuine sons of *Cam*,  
They pedantry detested.

Statue at the entrance of the Senate-house, Cambridge.

Just as the sinking orb of day  
Diffus'd his last empurpled ray,

They reach'd a tangled dell :—

'Twas dark and drear—the tempest howl'd,  
The light'ning glar'd, the thunder growl'd,  
The rain in torrents fell.

Fearful and faint, in vain they strove  
To keep the path, or quit the grove,

Or shun the welkin's ire—

At length a cheering light they spied—

“ *Hurrah, hurrah!*” the parson cried,

“ *I see a kitchen fire.*”

Knock, knock, knock, knock—the opening gate  
Receiv'd our pilgrims tir'd and wet

Within its friendly shelter :—

Fair was the hall, and richly dight—

Sir *Hobbernob*, an elfin knight,

With *Gem* his lady dwelt there.

To welcome guests of such renown,  
 (For well I wot their fame was known,)

The knight himself stood ready,  
 Call'd them to light and life again,  
 And made them join the gallant train  
 That chatted with my lady.

Quoth *Hob* to Tropus, “ Can it be  
 When a remainder vests in fee—

But let me put a case—  
*A* makes a will”—quoth Tropus, “ Hem”—  
 And turn'd about to lady Gem  
 To look at Brussels lace.

The fairy knight, surpris'd and vext,  
 Resolv'd to speak with Mopus next,  
 On fate, free-will, and sin—  
 But Mopus stopp'd him with—“ I'll swear  
 That match 'twixt Madcap and the mare  
 Was all a mere take-in.”

Hopus came last—and whilst the knight  
Look'd for discussion erudite  
    On stimulants, or air,  
He talked of Humphries and the Jew—  
Harangued upon their grand *set-too*,  
    And shew'd that he could spar.

Awhile the elfin knight was dumb,  
Then whispering round, with visage glum,  
    Forth from the room he bounc'd ;  
But still our travellers, blithe and gay,  
Display'd their wit and talk'd away,  
    Till supper was announc'd.

They reach'd the room—no tapers' glare  
The dome illum'd—no lustre there  
    Its radiant pendants shook—  
Five farthing candles grac'd the hall,  
Unsnuff'd and dim—against the wall  
    By their own tallow stuck.

In guise uncouth the board was spread—  
A peck of pudding at the head—  
A bucket full of fish—  
And chop and cheese, and marrow bone,  
And fowl and fruit, together thrown,  
Were all upon a dish.

The taste was worse than what they saw—  
The pies were burnt, the meat was raw ;  
Filth reign'd in every platter ;  
The wine was foul, the beer was stale,  
And when the travellers call'd for ale,  
The rascals handed water.

Hungry and tir'd, in piteous plight  
Awhile they sat, then begg'd the knight  
That they might go to rest—  
He nodded—prompt at his command  
A portly guide, with torch in hand,  
Attended every guest.

Thro' lofty halls and vacant rooms  
 Half lost amongst the midnight glooms,  
 Our wondering wights were led,  
 And all was silence—till a guide  
 Knock'd at a half shut door and cried  
 “ *Rodolpho! is he dead?* ”

“ Not yet”—a hollow voice replies—  
 And sinking groans, and faultering sighs  
 Proclaim'd departing life ;—  
 It ceas'd, aghast the travellers stood—  
 They look'd—their guides were stain'd with blood—  
 Each bore a crimson'd knife !

Onward with tottering feet they past,  
 And reach'd their destin'd room at last—  
 Their guides unbar'd the door—  
 With rueful looks the scene they view'd—  
 The grate was cold—the chamber rude,  
 Unswept the walls and floor ;

The pillows on the hearth were laid,  
The carpets on the tables spread,  
    The beds—ev'n made them shudder—  
This wanted sheets, and blankets that—  
The third, in still more wretched state,  
    Had neither one nor t'other.

Their guides withdrew—and as they walk'd,  
In broken hints obscurely talk'd,  
    Of “ broiling” and of “ grilling—!”  
“ We shall be murder'd,” Tropus cried,  
“ They're only waiting to decide  
    The direst mode of killing.”

The wretched wights convers'd till morning  
On poison, steel, impaling, burning—  
    And wept their hastening doom—  
But when the cock's first note was heard,  
Their dreadful guides again appear'd  
    And cried, “ Your hour is come!”

Vain was resistance—sad and slow,  
With trembling footsteps, on they go  
In melancholy sort—  
A yawning portal stopp'd their road,  
But soon the gate unbolting, shew'd  
The castle's ample court.

There stood their steeds, in strange array,  
As lifeless and as lank as they,  
Lamenting like disasters—  
Their backs no curry-comb had drest—  
They shew'd they'd got as little rest  
Or supper as their masters.

Their saddles on their necks were flung,  
Their bridles at their tails were hung,  
And to the ground descended—  
Two white-rob'd females, spruce and bland,  
With each a napkin in her hand,  
On every steed attended.

Just as the morn unveil'd the sun—  
 The elfin knight exclaim'd—“ *Tis done,*”  
 And sallied from the door—  
 “ *Mercy! great sir*”—the travellers cried—  
 “ *'Tis done—'Tis done*”—the knight replied—  
 “ *I mean the joke is o'er.*”

“ My servants, you must know, last night  
 (Whatever they intended by't)  
 Would needs their places change—  
 The grooms would cook, and mind the table,  
 The chambermaids attend the stable,  
 The cooks the beds arrange.

“ You might have better far'd and slept  
 Had each their proper station kept  
 Without such strange reverses;  
 The grooms, who drest your meat so ill,  
 I trust had shewn superiour skill  
 In dressing up your horses.

“ Yon nymphs that thus in masquerade  
Have deck'd your steeds, your beds had made,  
And cheer'd your grates with firing—  
My cooks had charm'd; not scar'd your heart  
With bloody hands and terms of art,  
And groans of pigs expiring.

“ Farewell! I'm disappointed too—  
I suffer'd yesterday like you—  
We both have been unlucky—  
I hop'd to meet three scholars here,  
And only found a *milliner*,  
A *bruiser*, and a *jockey*!”

## THE REDBREAST.

WARBLING Redbreast, have I found thee  
In thine ivy tree?

Let the echoing rocks around thee

Send those notes to me :—

Once, I own, with spring delighted,

When her flow'rs and songs invited,

Once, I own, sweet bird, I slighted

Thy green bush and thee.

When with wreaths of roses blooming,

Ev'ry bower was hung ;

Toward thine ivy unassuming,

Not a glance was flung :—

When the thrush, with accents trilling,

Ev'ry raptur'd sense was filling,

Then I bent, with ear unwilling,

To thine humble song.

Now by wint'ry blasts invaded,  
Rural joys forgot ;  
Ev'ry nectar'd flow'r is faded,  
Mute each tuneful throat :  
But tho' cold and wet and weary,  
As ye tread yon vallies dreary,  
Still the ivy's leaf shall cheer ye,  
Still the Redbreast's note.

Julia, to yon sweet musician,  
Some few moments lend ;  
'Tis to thee a warning mission,  
To the strain attend :  
“ Fair one, e'er life's spring be over,  
Whilst admirers round thee hover,  
Learn to know the flatt'ring lover  
From the faithful friend.”

“ Age’s winter soon advances,  
Bights the fair and young ;  
Where are then th’ impassion’d glances ?  
Where the glozing tongue ?  
Seek some heart sincere, fair maiden,  
There affection blooms unfading,  
There thou’lt find the ivy shading,  
There the Redbreast’s song.”

## THE

## WITHERED VIOLET.

As I watch thy blue eye closing,  
Mark thy fading tints decay,  
View thy head in death reposing,  
Sure, sweet plant, I hear thee say—  
“Cruel Julia found me blooming,  
Peaceful in my native vale,  
Found my flow’rs the grove perfuming,  
Breathing fragrance on the gale;

“ Ah ! too soon the fair discern’d me  
Glist’ning thro’ a dewy tear,  
Soon she cropt me—soon she spurn’d me—  
And now bids me perish here !  
Yet no vengeful thought I show’d her—  
Pleas’d I pour’d my parting breath  
To diffuse my sweetest odour  
O’er the hand that brought me death.”

Cruel Julia ! faithless maiden !  
Yon poor slighted Violet see,  
See it drooping, with’ring, fading—  
Hear its plaints—and think of me.  
Like yon flow’r, in life’s gay morning,  
Once I wav’d my joy-crown’d head,  
Every genial spring returning  
Fresher wreaths around me shed—

Julia smil'd—and soon bereft me  
    Of those flatt'ring scenes of joy—  
Julia frown'd—and faithless left me,  
    Like yon flow'r, to droop and die;  
But like it, tho' pangs so painful,  
    Griefs so hopeless I must prove,  
Still I bless those eyes disdainful,  
    Still that scornful heart I love.

## A H Y M N,

## BEFORE PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Lord! when we bend before thy throne,  
 And our *confessions* pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see,  
 And penitence impart —  
 Then let a kindling glance from thee  
 Beam HOPE upon the heart.

---

When our responsive tongues essay  
 Their grateful *hymns* to raise,  
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
 And mount to Thee in praise.

Then on thy glories while we dwell,  
Thy mercies we'll review,  
Till LOVE divine transported tell  
Our God's our father too.

---

When we disclose our wants in *prayer*,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
That is not wholly Thine !

Let FAITH each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

A PARAPHRASE  
ON  
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of Heaven! whose gracious hand  
Dispenses good in boundless store,  
May every breath thy praise expand,  
And every heart thy name adore !

Great Lord ! may all our waken'd powers  
To spread thy sway exulting join,  
Till we shall dare to think Thee our's,  
And thou shalt deign to make us Thine.

Whate'er thy will, may we display  
Hearts that submit without a sigh ;  
Whate'er thy law, may we obey,  
Like raptur'd saints, and feel it joy.

Vouchsafe us what our wants require,  
This fleeting life in peace to spend,  
But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire  
To grasp the life that cannot end.

Our countless crimes with mercy view,  
For Jesus' sake their guilt remove,  
And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,  
That Thou may'st see a world of love.

Protect us when temptation's near,  
Keep us from pride and passion free,  
Shield us from sin and sorrow here,  
And bring us, Lord, at length to Thee.

## E P I T A P H.

Thy years have flown on rapid wing—  
 But, like the flying clouds of spring  
     That sweep the teeming earth,  
 They shed o'er THEE a genial power  
 To foster every fragrant flower  
     Of *wisdom* and of *worth* ;

Raptur'd we saw each opening day  
 Blossoms of *piety* display,  
     Or germs to *genius* join ;  
 'Twas *ours* to drink their perfum'd breath,  
 Gaze on their bloom till lost in death—  
     Their fruit, BLEST CHILD ! is *thine*.

P. F. Dulciss. P.





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